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ARMY SONG BOOK · 1918

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ARMY SONG BOOK



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WASHINGTON

1918

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SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The Star-Spangled Banner

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

1

(♩ = 104)

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty
 3. O thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved

hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - try and peace, may the heavn - res - cued

fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - ets' red
 steep, As it sit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
 land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then con - quer we

glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now, shines on the stream:
 must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

(♩ = 96)

O say, does that Star - Span - gled Ban - ner yet wave } O'er the
 'Tis the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner: oh, long may it wave }
 And the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave }

broaden

land of the free and the home of the brave!

In the band book of accompaniments the Star Spangled Banner is given in two keys, Bb and Ab. The key of Ab is optional for singing only, as Bb is the generally accepted key for bands and ceremonial use.

America

S.F. SMITH

HENRY CAREY

Andante con moto



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet Free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect as by Thy might, Great God, our King!

JULIA WARD HOWE

Battle Hymn of the Republic

3
WILLIAM STEFFE



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burn - ished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal: Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment-seat. Oh, be
glo - ry in His bös - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He



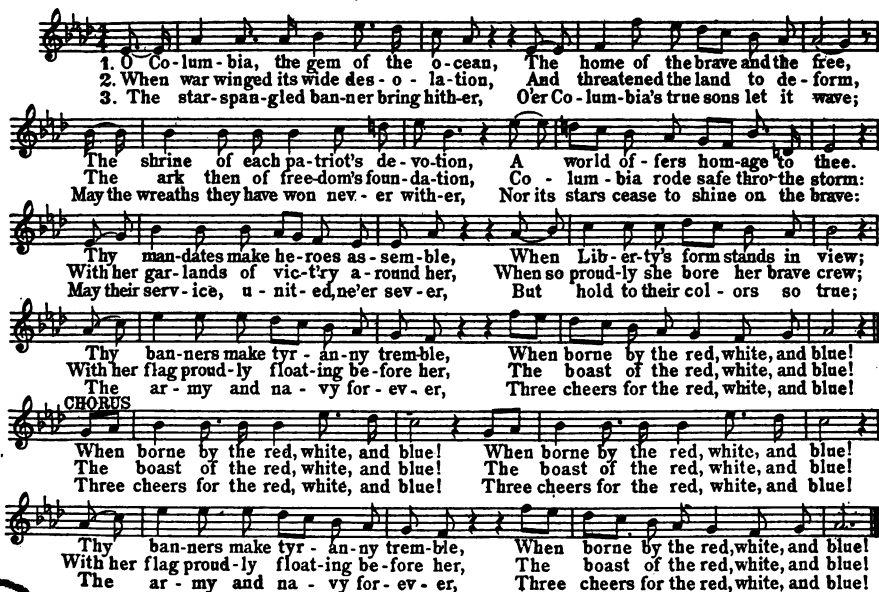
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march ing on.
read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march ing on.
He - ro born of wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march ing on.
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march ing on.
died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march ing on.

CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean



1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
 The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm:
 May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy man-dates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew;
 May their serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS
 When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

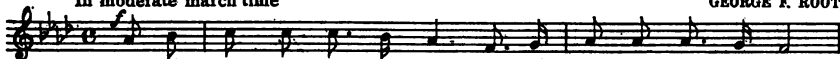
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

The Battle Cry of Freedom

5

In moderate march time

Words & Music by
GEORGE F. ROOT



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,



Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! We will ral - ly from the hill - side, We'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! And we'll fill the va - cant ranks With a



ral - ly from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom!
mil - lion free men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom!

CHORUS



The U - nion for - ev - er, Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah!



Down with the trai - tor and up with the stars! While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,



Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom.

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La Marseillaise
The French National Anthem

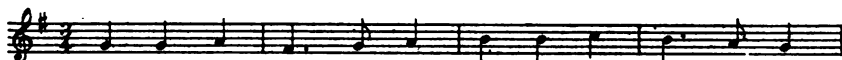
Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Al-lons en-fants de la pa-tri-e, Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-
vé Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-
vé L'é-ten-dard san-glant est le-vé! En-ten-dez-vous dans les cam-pa-gnes mu-
gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras E-gor-
ger vos fils, vos com-pa-gnes Aux ar-mes, ci-toy-ens! For-mez vos ba-tail-
lons! Mar-chons! mar-chons! Qu'un sang im-pur A-breuve nos sil-lons!

God Save the King

The British National Anthem

HENRY CAREY



1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,

2. O Lord our God, a - rise! Scat - ter his en - e - mies,

3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour;



God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall! Con - found their pol - i - tics; Frus - trate their
Long may he reign, May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er



glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the King!
knav - ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix: God save the King!
give us cause To sing with heart and voice; God save the King!

La Brabançonne

LOUIS DECHEZ

The Belgian National Anthem

FRANÇOIS VAN CAMPENHOUT

Allegro marziale

After des siè - cles dés - cla - va - ge Le Bel - ge sor - tant du tom -
 bean, A re - con - quis par son cou - ra - ge Son - nom ses droits et son dra -
 peau. Et ta main sou - ve - raine et fiè - re, Peu - ple dé - sor - mais in - domp -
 té, *piu f* Gra - va - sur ta vieil - le ban - nié - re Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber -
 té! Gra - va - sur ta vieil - le ban - nié - re Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber -
 té, *piu f* Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té!

LUIGI MERCANTINI
Marziale

The Garibaldi Hymn

The Italian National Hymn

9
ALESSIO OLIVIERI

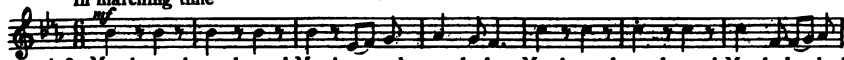


Al - l'ar - mi! Al - l'ar - mi! Si sco-pron le tom-be, si
le - va-no i mor-ti, I mar-ti-ri no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti! Le
spa-de nel pu-gno, gl'al-lo-ri-al-le chio-me, La fiam-ma ed il no-me d'I-
ta - lia sur cor! Ve - nia - mol ve - nia - mol su, o gio - va - ni schie - rel Sual
ven - to per tut - to, le no - stre ban - die - rel Su tut - ti col fer-ro, su
tut - ti col fuo-co, Su tut - ti col fuo-co d'I - ta - lia nel cor. Va
fuo - ra d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ra, ch'è l'or - a, va fuor d'I-
ta - lia, va fuor d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ra, o stra - nier!

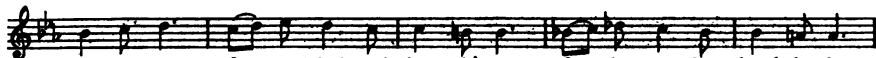
March! March!

Words and Music by
ARTHUR FARWELL

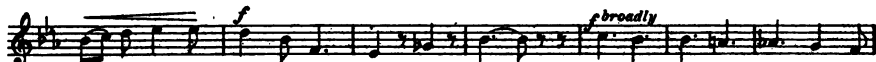
In marching time



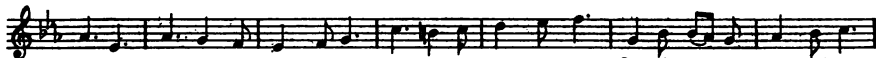
1-3. March, march, march, march, March, comrades, march-a-long, March, march, march, march, March a hundred



mil-lion strong! 1. On through dark and, bat-tle's roar, On where none has dared be-fore,
 2. Princes of Peace, up-hold our trust, Tho' we face the bat-tle thrust;
 3. One in vi-sion, one in will, We shall car-ry Zi-on's hill,



On to pay the a-ges' score: March, march, march!
 Fight we shall while fight we must: March, march, march! 1-3. For-ward, com-ra-des, March, march for-
 God is in His heav-en still: March, march, march!



ev-er, Up with the break of day, Out on the track-less way, Ours the will that must and can,
 Love to hate shall nev-er yield Ours the heart to dare and do,



Ours to crown cre-a-tion's plan, Ours to win the world for man: March, com-ra-des march!
 While the sword of God we wield, On to Ar-ma-ged-don's field: March, com-ra-des march!
 Ours the Promised Land to view, Ours to build the world a-new: March, com-ra-des march!

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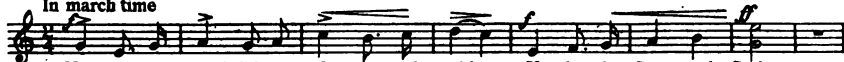
Under the Stars and Stripes

11

MADISON CAWEIN

P. S. CONVERSE

In march time



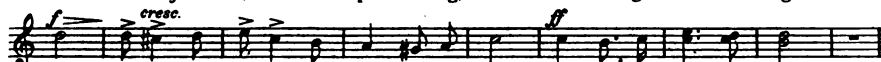
1. High on the world did our fa - thers of old, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,
2. We in whose bod - ies the blood of them runs, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,



Bla - zon the name that we now must up - hold, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.
We will ac - quit us as sons of their sons, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.



Vast in the past they have build - ed an arch O - ver which Free - dom has light - ed her
Ev - er for jus - tice, our heel up - on wrong, We in the light of our ven - geance thrice



torch, Fol - low it! Fol - low it! Come let us march Un - der the Stars and Stripes!
strong, Ral - ly to - geth - er! Come tramp - ing a - long, Un - der the Stars and Stripes!

CHORUS



Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Fol - low it, fol - low it, Come let us march



Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Fol - low it, fol - low it, Come let us march Un - der the Stars and Stripes!

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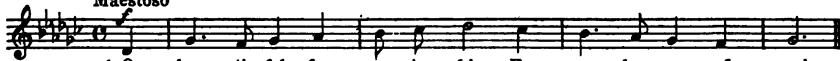
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KATHARINE LEE BATES

America the Beautiful

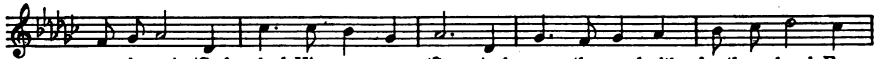
WILL C. MACFARLANE

Maestoso

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sion'd stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved, In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A -



mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From
 mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy
 mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And
 mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From



sea to shin - ing sea!
 lib - er - ty in law!
 ev - 'ry gain'di - vine!
 sea to shin - ing sea!

REFRAIN. *Molto maestoso**ritard.*

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee!

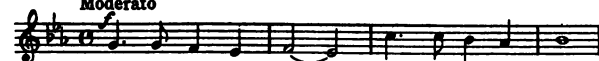
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The Home Road

Words and Music by
JOHN A. CARPENTER

Moderato



1. Sing a Hymn of Free-dom, Fling the ban-ner high!
2d time *p* 2. In the qui-et hours Of the star-ry night



Sing the Songs of Li-ber-ty, Songs that shall not die.
Dream the dreams of far a-way Home-fires burn-ing bright. } For the



long, long road to Tip-pe-ra-ry Is the road that leads me



home— O'er hills and plains, By lakes and lanes, My



Wood-lands! My Corn-fields! My Coun-try! My Home!

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Land of Hope and Glory

EDWARD ELGAR

Maestoso
molto a tempo

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned, God make thee mightier yet! On Sovran brows, be-
loved, re-nowned, Once more thy crown is set. Thine e - qual laws, by Free-dom gained, Have
ruled thee well and long; By Free-dom gained, by Truth maintained, Thine Em-pire shall be strong.

Molto maestoso

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex - tol thee,
— who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
might - y, make thee might-ier yet, God, who made thee might-y, make thee might-ier yet.

CHORUS

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex - tol thee,
— who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
might - y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y; make thee might-ier yet.

Land of Hope and Glory (Continued)

15

mf
Thy fame is an-cient as the days, As O-cean large and wide; A pride that dares, and
largamente
heeds not praise, A stern and si-lent pride; Not that false joy that dreams content With
risoluto
what our sires have won; The blood a he-ro sire hath spent Still nerves a he-ro son.

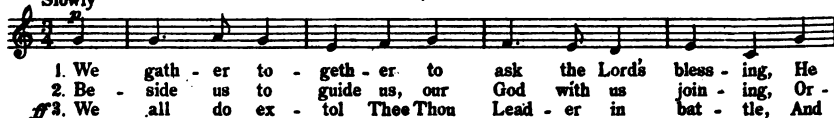
Molto maestoso
Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex-tol thee,
cresc.
— who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
allargando
might-y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y, make thee might-ier yet.

CHORUS
Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex-tol thee,
cresc.
— who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
adulante
might-y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y, make thee mightier yet.

Prayer of Thanksgiving

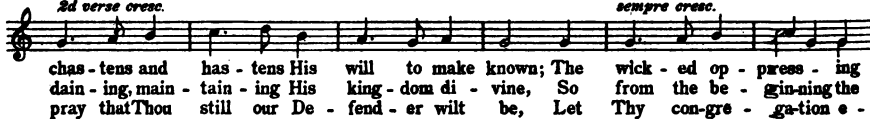
Folk Song of the Netherlands

Slowly



2d verse cresc.

sempre cresc.



Artillery Song Caisson Song

17

Adapted and Arranged by
ROBERT LLOYD

Marcia moderato

1. O-ver hill, o-ver dale, as we hit the dust-y trail, And the Cais-sons go
2. In the storm in the night, ac-tion left or ac-tion right, See the Cais-sons go

roll-ing a - long. In and out, hear them shout, coun-ter march and right a -
roll-ing a - long. Lim-ber front, lim-ber rear, pre-pare to, mount your can - non-

REFRAIN

bout, And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. Then it's hil hil hee! in the
eer, And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long.

field ar-till-er - y, Shout out your numbers loud and strong, Where e'er you go,
(shouted)

you will al-ways know, That the Cais-sons are roll-ing a - long (Keep them roll-ing) And those

cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. Then it's long. long. Batt - ry Halt!

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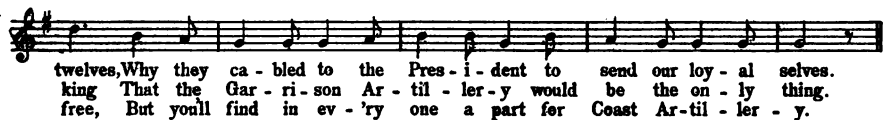
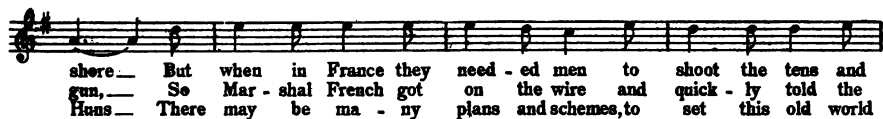
Coast Artillery Song

Air: "The Son of a Gambler"

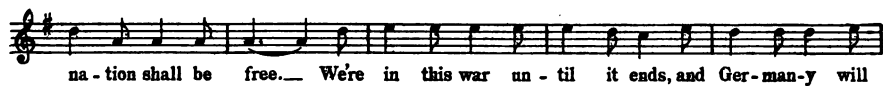
1. Oh, they said the Coast Ar - til - ler - y would nev - er go to
 2. When Bri - tish Tom-mies took the field to stop the bar - brous
 3. So lim - ber up the six - es and the tens and oth - er

war; — And all that they were fit — for was to hang a - round the
 Hun; — They found their light ar - til - ler - y was beat - en gun for
 ones; — And brack - et on the O. T. line un - til you get the

Coast Artillery Song (Continued)

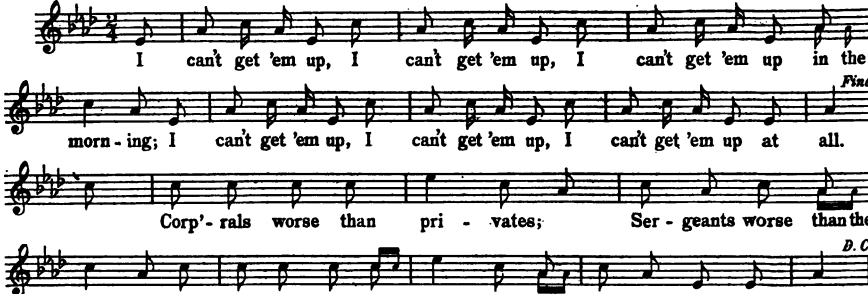


CHORUS



REVEILLE. *Quick*

Army Trumpet Calls



I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the
morn - ing; I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up at all. *Fine.*
Corp'- rals worse than pri - vates; Ser - geants worse than the *D. C.*
corp - rals; Lieu - ten - ants worse than the ser - geants, An' the Cap - t'n's worst of all.

MESS CALL. *Quick*


Soup-y, soup-y, soup, with - out^s a sin - gle bean; Pork-y, pork-y, pork,
with - out^s a streak of lean; Cof - fee, cof - fee, cof - fee, with - out an - y cream.
(or, the weak - est ev - er seen.)

SICK CALL



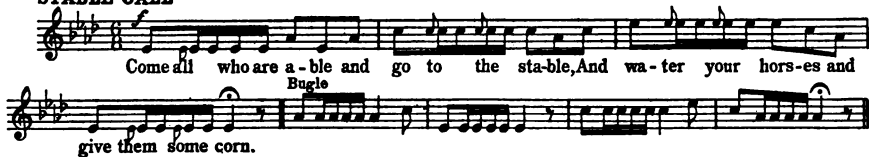
Come and get your qui - nine, Come and get your pills, Come and

Army Trumpet Calls (Continued)

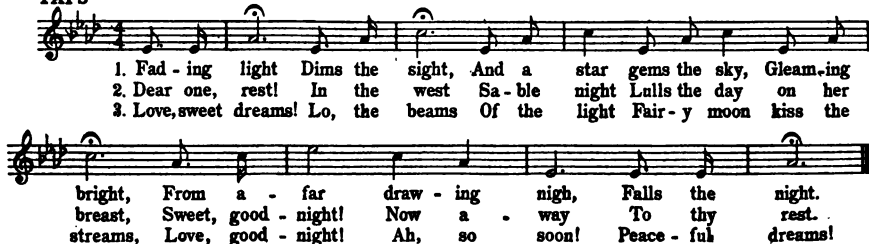
21



STABLE CALL



TAPS

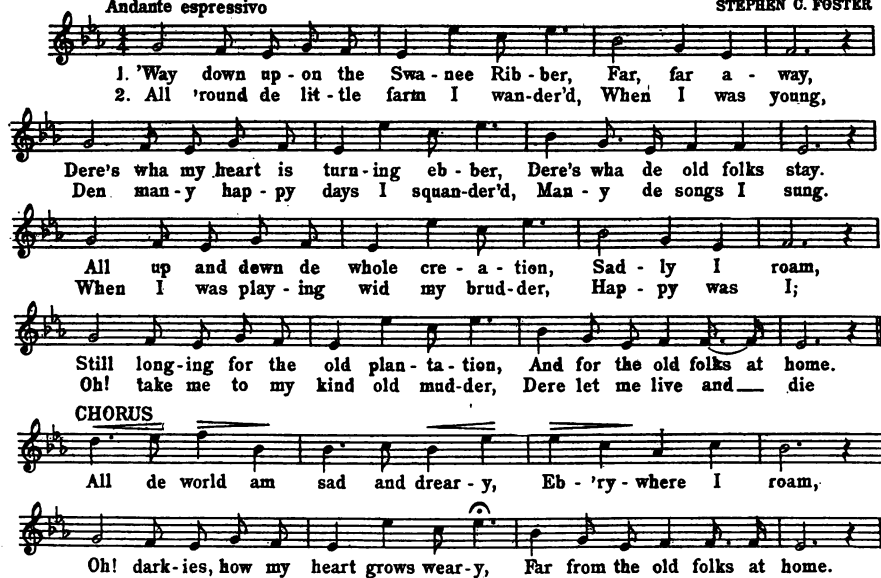


Words for "Taps" used by permission of Pennsylvania Military College

Swanee River

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante espressivo



1. 'Way down up-on the Swa-nee Rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All 'round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young,
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-der'd, Man-y de songs I sung.
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I;
Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die

CHORUS
All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry-where I roam,
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Black Joe

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

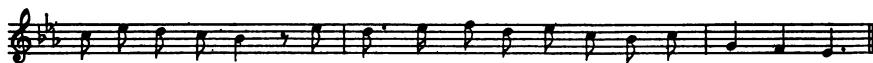
Andante



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?

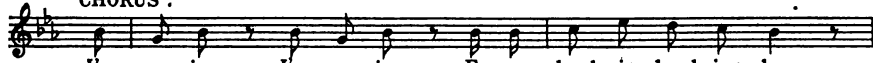


Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -



bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS .



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

My Old Kentucky Home

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
 gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a
 sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the
 knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
 dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

CHORUS

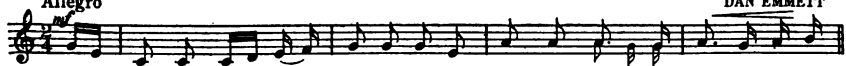
Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will
 sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

Dixie

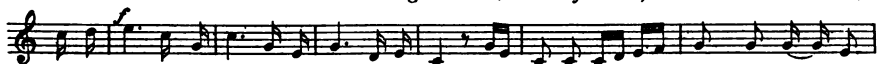
25

Words and Music by
DAN EMMETT

Allegro



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Dars buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fat-ter,

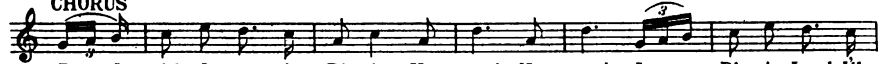


Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To

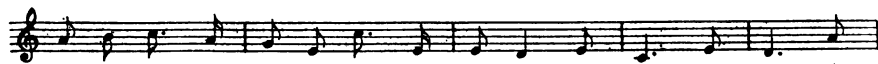


Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in' Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll



take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-



way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.



Moderato

Carry Me Back To Old Virginy

Words & Music by
JAMES BLAND

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
 corn and ta-ters grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time,
 There's where the old dar-key's heart am long'd to go;. There's where I la-bor'd so
 hard for old mas-sa, Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn;
 No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the

Carry Me Back to Old Virginy (Continued)

27

rit. **REFRAIN**

State where I was born. Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny,
 There's where the cot-ton and the eorn and ta-ters grow, There's where the birds war-ble
rit.
 sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart am long'd to go.

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Roll, Jordan, Roll

Negro Spiritual

Roll, Jer-dan, roll, roll, Jer-dan, roll, I want to go to
Fine.
 Hea-ven when I die, To hear Jer-dan roll. 1. Oh, broth-ers, you ought t'have been there,
D.C.
 Yes, my Lord! A-sit-ting in the King-dom, to hear Jer-dan roll.

2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, etc.

3. Oh, sinners, you ought, etc.

4. Oh, mourners, you ought, etc.

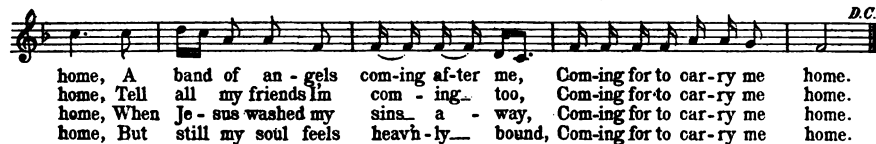
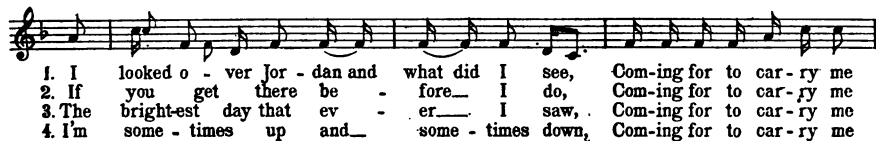
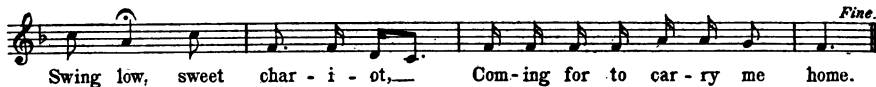
5. Oh, seekers, you ought t'have been there, etc.

6. Oh, mothers, you ought, etc.

7. Oh, children, you ought, etc.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual



BEN JONSON

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

OLD ENGLISH AIR

Rather slow



1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,—
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,—



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;— The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be;— But



thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine;—
 thou there - on didst on ly breathe And send'st it back to me;—



But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
 Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it self but thee.—

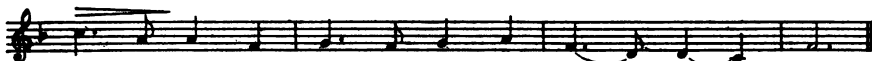
Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

OLD SCOTCH AIR

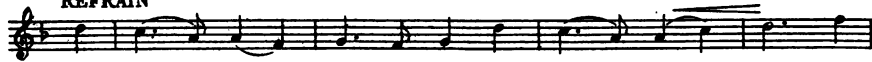


1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 3. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



auld ac-quain tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e reared, Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll



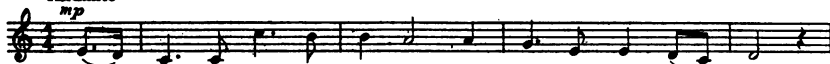
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

DOUGLASS OF FINGLAND

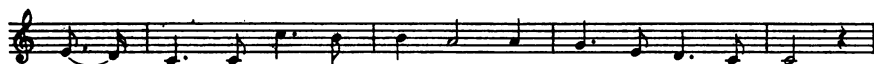
Annie Laurie

SCOTCH AIR

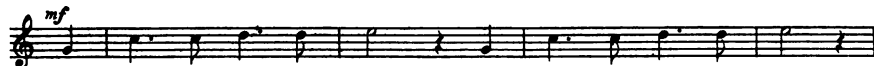
Andante



1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan,



And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise true,
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,



Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,



And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

Loch Lomond

By Yon Bonnie Banks

Old Scotch Melody

With much feeling, and rather slow

1. By yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bir-dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in
 sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love Were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in pur-ple hue. The
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in', But the broken heart it kens. Nae
 ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'.
 Hie-land hills we view, And the moon coming out in the gloam-ing. } Oh!
 se-cond Spring a-gain, Tho'the wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-in'
Brisker
 ye'll tak'the high-road and I'll tak'the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye. But
 me and my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

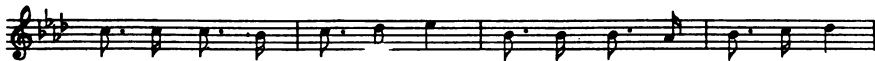
SCOTCH AIR



1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led!
 2. Wha will be a trai-tor knave? Wha can fill a cow-ard's grave?
 3. By op-pres-sion's woes and pains! By our sons in ser-vile chains!



Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry!
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
 We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free!



Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front of bat-tle lour!
 Wha for Scot-land's king and law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw,
 Lay the proud a-surp-ers low! Ty-rants fall in ev-'ry foe!



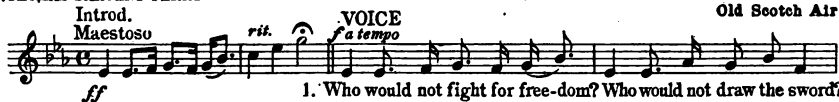
See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's pow'r, Chains and slav-er-y!
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa', Let him fol-low me!
 Lib-er-ty's in ev-'ry blow! Let us do, or die!

Who Would Not Fight For Freedom

MRS. THOMAS SARGENT PERRY

(Who would not fight for Charlie)

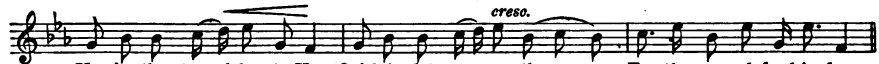
Old Scotch Air



1. Who would not fight for free-dom? Who would not draw the sword?
2. Who would not fight for Bel-gium? Who would not fight for France?
3. Who would not fight the Prus-sian? What man would be a slave?

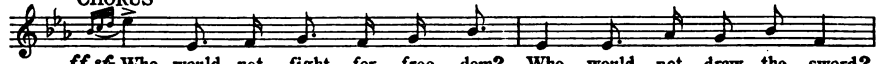


Who would not up and ral-ly At the great Re-pub-lic's word? Ita-ly's fair plains are rav-aged,
Who would not stand with Eng-land To re-pel the foe's ad-vance? We have heard their wo-men calling
Up, then, let ev-'ry free-man Fight, his coun-try's life to save, Ev-'ry man whose heart is loy-al,

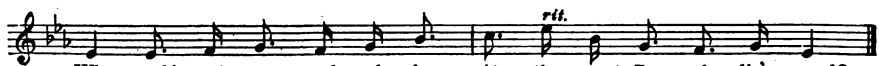


Ven-ice threat-ened by the Hun, Quick-ly let us cross the o-cean Ere the cru-el deed is done.
For our help a-cross the sea, We have heard their weep-ing child-ren; Come and fight to set them free!
Ev-'ry man of cour-age tried, Let him heed his coun-try's sum-mons, Let him stand on Free-dom's side.

CHORUS



ff Who would not fight for free-dom? Who would not draw the sword?



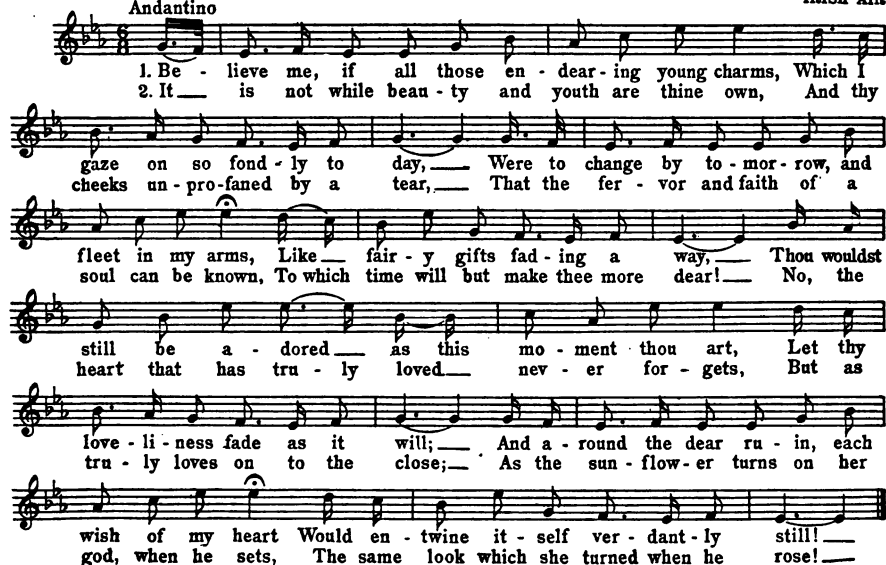
Who would not up and ral-ly At the great Re-pub-lic's word?

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

IRISH AIR



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I
 2. It — is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
 gaze on so fond - ly to day, — Were to change by to - mor - row, and
 cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, — That the fer - vor and faith of a
 fleet in my arms, Like — fair - y gifts fad - ing a way, — Thou wouldst
 soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! — No, the
 still be a - dored — as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
 heart that has tru - ly loved — nev - er for - gets, But as
 love - li - ness fade as it will; — And a - round the dear ru - in, each
 tru - ly loves on to the close; — As the sun - flow - er turns on her
 wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still! —
 god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose! —

Men of Harlech.

Old Welsh Air

Con fuoco

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do you hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that
 2. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us No proud Sax-on e'er ap-pals us! On we march what

surg-ing fol-low, Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen,
 e'er be-falls us Nev-er shall we fly! Tho' our moth-ers may be weeping, Tho' our sis-ters

Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
 may be keep-ing Watch for some who now are sleep-ing On the bat-tle field!

cresc.
 Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The plac-id skies that
 For-ward, light-ly bound-ing, Hear the trumpet sound-ing, For-ward, ev-er,

hear our cries Shall launch their bolts in thun-der! On-ward 'tis our coun-try needs us!
 back-ward nev-er, This proud foe as-tounding. Fight for fa-ther, sis-ter, moth-er,

He is brav-est, he who leads us! Hon-or's self now proud-ly heads us! Free-dom, God and Right!
 Each is bound to each as broth-er, With this faith in one an-oth-er We will win or die!

GEORGE STERLING

Dedicated to the 51st Field Artillery

37

The Flag

Con fuoco

Melody: Man of Harlech



1. Flag of hon - or, flag of dar - ing, Flag of le-gions on-ward far - ing, Flag our hands and
2. By the standards that have shown thee, By the bat-tles that have known thee, By the he - roes
hearts are bear-ing, Lead to vic - to - ry! From the dyes of bat-tle gor - y, Foam and wave of
that have flown thee, Guide us in the fight! Bless the sol-dier in his sleep-ing; Hush the mother
o - cean's glo - ry And the stars that tell thy sto - ry Free-men fash-ioned thee.
in her weep-ing; Hold the help-less in thy keep-ing, Ward-er of the Right!
Flag of love un - bound-ed! Flag of hopes un-sound-ed! How float thy bars, how
By the guns that scarred thee, By the guns that guard thee, Thine ea - gles soar
gleam thy stars, By Heav-ens stars sur-round-ed! We thy sons shall fail thee nev-er!
From war to war, But never stain has marred thee! We thy sons shall fail thee nev-er!
Time nor tide our faith shall sev-er! All for thee, and thou for-ev-er, Flag of vic-to-ry!
Time nor tide our faith shall sev-er! All for thee, and thou for-ev-er, Flag of vic-to-ry!

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On the Way to France

Words by

HOMER HOWELLS HARBOUR

Melody "Marche Lorraine"

Here's an army of the Yankees
 On the way to France;
 Here's an army of the Yankees
 On the way to France;
 From New England down to Texas
 We are marching on to join the Great
 Advance,
 On the way to France.

From New England down to Texas
 On the way to France;
 From New England down to Texas
 On the way to France,
 There's a million men in khaki
 Drilling day and night to make the Prussians
 dance
 Over there in France.

There's a million men in khaki
 On the way to France;
 There's a million men in khaki,
 On the way to France,
 Who will join the gallant armies
 Of our noble Allies in their Great Advance
 Over there in France?

Over There

39

GEO. M. COHAN

CHORUS

O-ver there, o-ver there, Send the word, send the
word o-ver there, That the Yanks are com-ing, the Yanks are
com-ing, The drums rum-tum-ming ev-'ry-where. So pre-
pare, say a pray'r. Send the word, send the word to be-
ware, We'll be o-ver, we're com-ing o-ver, And we
won't come back Till it's o-ver o-ver there!

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When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Words & Music by
LOUIS LAMBERT

With spirit

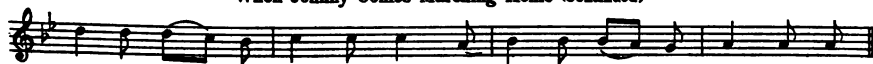


1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — We'll
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — To
3. Get read - y for the Ja - bi - lee, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — We'll
4. Let love and friend-ship on that day, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — Their



give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
choic - est treas - ures then dis - play, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — And

When Johnny Comes Marching Home (Continued)



men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out.
vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ros - es they will strew the way.
lan - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his loy - al brow.
let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart.

CHORUS



And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home. —

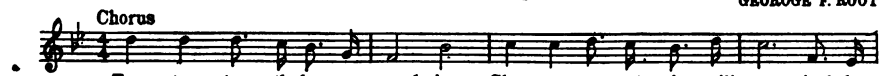
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

or

The Prisoner's Hope

Words and Music by
GEORGE F. ROOT

Chorus



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
neath the star - ry flag, We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

By Permission The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

The Stars and Stripes Forever

CHORUS

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Hur - rah for the flag of the free, — May it wave as our
stand ard for - ev er, The gem of the land and the
sea, — The — Ban - ner of the Right. — Let
des - pots re - mem - ber the day — When our fa - thers with
might - y en - deav - or Pro - claim'd as they march'd to the fray, —
— That by their might, And by their right; It waves for - ev - er!

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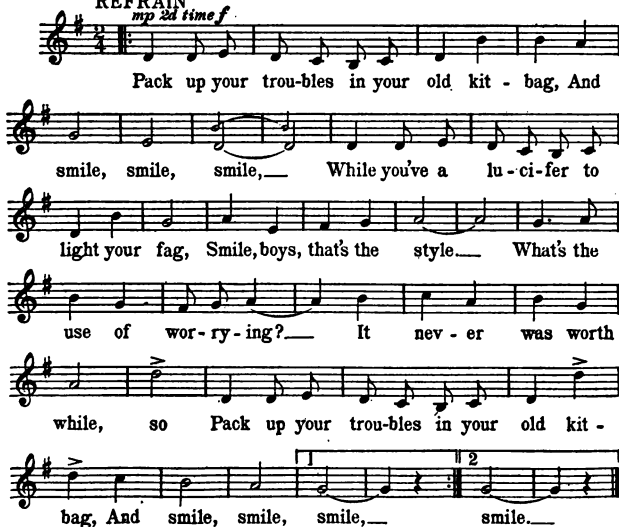
Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag And Smile, Smile, Smile

GEORGE ASAF

FELIX POWELL

REFRAIN

mp 2d time f



Pack up your trou-les in your old kit - bag, And
smile, smile, smile, — While you've a lu-ci-fer to
light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. — What's the
use of wor-ry-ing? — It nev - er was worth
while, so Pack up your trou-les in your old kit -
bag, And smile, smile, smile, — smile. —



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Dedicated to the 17th Co. 18th P. T. R.

The Last Long Mile

Plattsburg Marching Song, 1917

Words and Music by
EMIL BREITENFELD, Co. 17

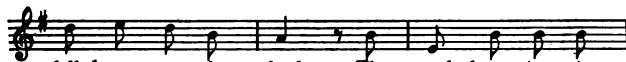
March tempo



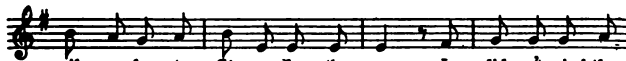
1. Oh they put me in the arm-y and they hand-ed me a
2. Some day they'll send us o-ver and they'll put us in a



pack, they took a - way my nice new clothes and
trench, tak - in' pot shots at the Frit - zes with the



dolled me up in kack; They marched me twen-ty
Tom-mies and the French, And some day we'll be



miles a day to fit me for the war, I did - n't mind the
marching through a town a-cross the Rhine, and then you bet we'll



first nine-teen but the last one made me sore:
all for - get these mourn-ful words of mine: Oh it's

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The Last Long Mile (Continued)

CHORUS

not the pack that you car-ry on your back, nor the Spring-field on your
shoul-der, Nor the fiye inch crust of Kha-ki col-ored dust that-makes you feel your
limbs are grow-ing old-er, And it's not the hike on the hard turn-pike, that
wipes a - way your smile, Nor the 'socks of sis - ter's that
raise the bloom-ing blist-ers, It's the last long mile. Oh it's mile.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The final line of the chorus has two endings, marked with '1' and '2' above the staff.



Words and Melody ascribed to Private Hogan **Good Morning Mr. Zip** Camp Song from Fort Niagara
Adapted by **HERBERT E. HYDE and ROBERT LLOYD**

Moderato

Good Morn - ing Mis-ter Zip, Zip, Zip, with your
hair cut just as short as mine. Good Morn - ing Mis-ter
Zip, Zip, Zip, you're cer-tin-ly look-in' fine, Ash-es to ash-es and
dust to dust, if the Cam-els don't get you the Fa -
ti - mas must, Good Morn - ing Mis-ter Zip, Zip, Zip, with your
hair cut just as short as, - your hair cut just as short as, - your
hair cut just as short as mine. Good

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Giddy Giddap! Go On! Go On!

We're On Our Way To War

JACK FROST

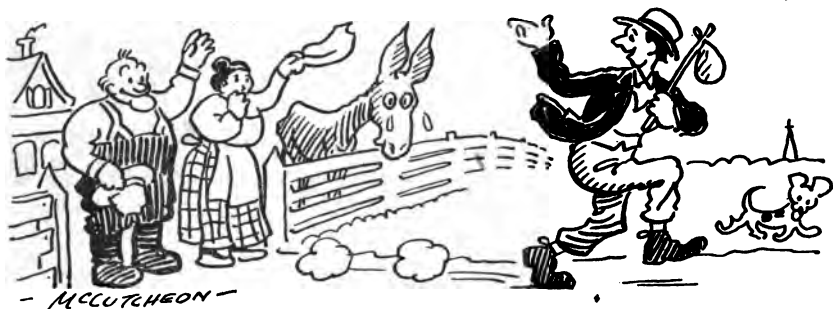
CHORUS

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to
war!— We're goin' to tell 'em to go to— well! That's
what we're fight-ing for!— We did-n't want to do it, boys, But
now they've made us sore;— Gid-dy Gid-dap! go
on! go on! We're on our way to war!— war!—

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, following the lyrics. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a repeat sign at the beginning. The fourth staff has a repeat sign at the beginning. The fifth staff has a first ending bracket and a second ending bracket.

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Long Boy

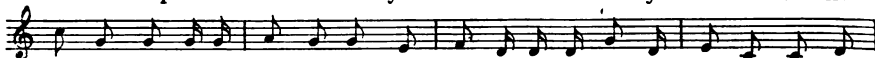
WILLIAM HERSCHELL

BARCLAY WALKER

Slow march tempo



1. He was just a long, lean coun-try gink From 'way out West whereth' hoptoads wink. He was
2. One pair of socks was his on - ly load When he struck fer town by th' old dirt road. He



six feet two in his stock-in' feet, An' kept git-tin' thin-ner th' more he'd eat. But
went right down to th' pub - lic square An' fell in line with th' sol - diers there. Th'

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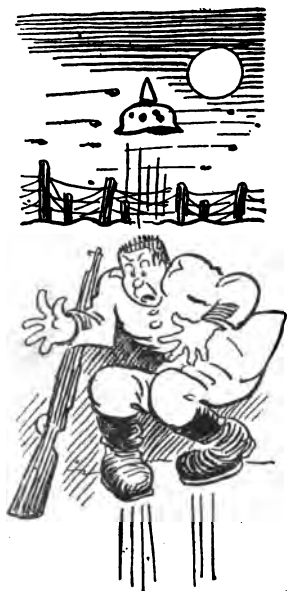
Long Boy (Continued)

49

he was as brave as he was thin, When th' war broke out he got right in. Un-
ser-geant put him in u - ni-form, His gal knit mitts fer to keep him warm; They
hitch'd his plow, put th' mule a - way, Then th' old folks heard him say:—
drill'd him hard, they drill'd him long, Then he sang his fare - well song!

REFRAIN

Good - by, Ma! Good - by, Pa! Good - by, Mule, with yer old hee - haw! I
may not know what th' war's a - bout, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out. An',
O my sweet-heart, don't you fear, I'll bring you a King fer a sou - ve - nir; I'll
git you a Turk an' a Kai-ser, too, An' that's a-bout all one fel-ler could do!



Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy!

Soldier Chorus
by Lieut. GITZ RICE

(We Saw You!)

C.W. MURPHY
and
WORTON DAVID

The musical score is written on ten staves. The melody is in a major key with a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The score includes a key signature change to one flat (B-flat) after the first staff. The lyrics are: "Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy! Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy! Late last night by the 'star-shell' light We Saw You! We Saw You! You were fix-ing your barbed wire, When we o-pened ra-pid fire, If you want to see your fa-ther in the Fa-ther-land, Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy! Keep your Boy!" The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Keep your head down, Fritzie Boy! Keep your
head down, Fritzie Boy! Late last
night by the "star-shell" light We Saw You! We
Saw You! You were fix-ing your barbed wire,
When we o-pened ra-pid fire, If you
want to see your fa-ther in the Fa-ther-land, Keep your
head down, Fritzie Boy! Keep your Boy!

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Dedicated to the 23rd Regt., New York Infantry

51

Hip! Hip! Hooray! (We Are Marching Away)

Serg't BARNEY TOY

REFRAIN

So Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hoo-ray! We are march! march! march-ing a - way, And so help me sis - ter Han-nah, We'll de-fend the star-ry ban-ner In the good old Yan-kee Doo-dle way. So Hip! Hip! Hip! in-to line, For a trip, trip, trip, to the Rhine. With the boys who nev-er balk, Full of "Pep" and lit-tle talk, From the good old U. S. A. A.

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six lines of music. The first line begins with the word 'REFRAIN' and contains the lyrics 'So Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hoo-ray! We are march!'. The second line continues with 'march! march-ing a - way, And so help me sis - ter Han-nah, We'll de-'. The third line continues with 'fend the star-ry ban-ner In the good old Yan-kee Doo-dle way. So'. The fourth line continues with 'Hip! Hip! Hip! in-to line, For a trip, trip, trip, to the Rhine. With the boys who nev-er balk, Full of "Pep" and lit-tle'. The fifth line continues with 'talk, From the good old U. S. A. A.'. The sixth line shows two endings, marked '1.' and '2.', both of which end with a double bar line.

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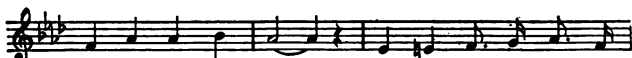
There's A Long, Long Trail

STODDARD KING

ZO ELLIOTT

Moderato. With expression

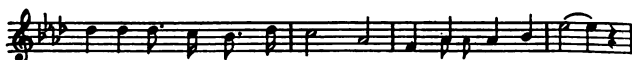
1. Nights are grow - ing ver - y lone - ly,
 2. All night long I hear you call - ing,



Days are ver - y long;— I'm a - grow - ing wear - y
 Call - ing sweet and low;— Seem to hear your foot-steps



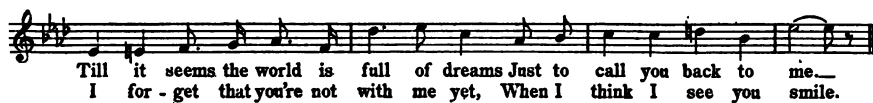
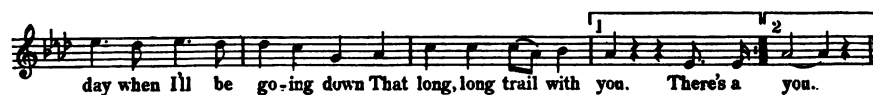
on - ly List - 'ning' for your song.—
 fall - ing, Ev - 'ry where I go.—



Old re-mem-brances are throng-ing Thro' my mem-o - ry.—
 Tho'the road be-tween us stretch-es Man-y a wear-y mile.

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There's A Long, Long Trail (Continued)

CHORUS. *Eccently with much expression*

Keep the Home-Fires Burning

Tempo di Marcia (Till the Boys Come Home)

IVOR NOVELLO

mf

1. They were summoned from the hill-side, They were called in from the glen, And the
 2. O - ver seas there came a plead-ing, "Help a na - tion in dis-tress!" And we

cresc.

Coun-try found them read - y at the stir - ring call for men. — Let no
 gave our glor - ious lad-dies; Hon-our bade us do no less. — For no

tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a - long, And al-
 gal - lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a

cresc. *ten.* *rall.*

though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer - y song. —
 no - ble heart must an - swer To the sa - cred call of "Friend."

REFRAIN

p *f*

Keep the Home-fires burn-ing While your hearts are yearn-ing, Though your lads are
 far a - way They dream of home; There's a sil-ver lin - ing Through the dark cloud
 shin - ing, Turn the dark cloud in - side out, Till the boys come home.

marcato

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EDWARD LOCKTON

When The Great Red Dawn Is Shining

EVELYN SHARPE

Moderato

Though I am far be - yond the o - cean blue, Each lone - ly
 hour my heart re - mem - bers you, Each ten - der look, each word I used to
 know, Comes back to me from out the long a - go. *dim. e rit.*

REFRAIN

When the great red - dawn is shin - ing, When the wait - ing
 hours are past, When the tears of night are end - ed, And I
 see the day at last; I shall come down the road of
 sun - shine, To a heart that is fond and true, When the great red
 dawn is shin - ing, Back to home, back to love, and you! *cresc. poco rit. e cresc.*

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In An Old-Fashioned Town

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

W.H. SQUIRE

Moderato

1. There's an old fash-ioned house in an old fash-ioned street In a
 quaint lit-tle old fash-ioned town;— There's a street where the cob-ble stones
 ha-rass the feet, As it strag-gles up hill and then down;— And,
 though to and fro, through the world I must go, My
 heart while it beats in my breast,— Where e'er I may roam, To that
 old fash-ioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest.—

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In An Old-Fashioned Town (continued)

2. In that old fash-ioned house in that old fash-ioned street Dwell a

dear lit-tle, old fash-ioned pair. — I can see their two fa - ces, so

ten-der and sweet, And I love ev-'ry wrin-kle that's there. — I

love ev-'ry mouse in that old fash-ioned house, In the

street that runs up hill and down, — Each stone and each stick, Ev-'ry

cob-ble and brick, In that quaint, lit-tle, old fash-ioned town. —

ten. *sotto voce* *mf* *dim.* *p* *f* *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *f*

Little Grey Home in the West

HERMANN LÖHR

Moderato

1. When the gold - en sun sinks in the hills, — And the toil of a long day is
 2. There are hands that will wel - come me in, — There are lips I am burn - ing to
 o'er — Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song I for -
 kiss — There are two eyes that shine just be - cause they are mine, And a
 get I was wear - y be - fore. — Far a - head, where the blue shad - ows
 thou - sand things oth - er men miss. — It's a cor - ner of heav - en it -
 fall, — I shall come to con - tent - ment and rest; And the
 self — Though it's on - ly a tum - ble - down nest — But with
 toils of the day will be all charmed a - way In my
 love brood - ing there, why, no place can com - pare With my

1st Verse *riten.* lit - tle grey home in the west. —

2nd Verse *rall. molto* lit - tle grey home in the west. —

BALLARD MACDONALD

Indiana

JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

I have al-ways been a wan-d'rer, O ver land and sea,
Yet a moon-beam on the wa-ter Casts a spell o'er me, A
vis-ion fair I see, A-gain I seem to be:

CHORUS

Back home a-gain in In-di-an-a, And it seems that I can
see The gleam-ing can-dle light still shin-ing bright Thru the
syc-a-mores for me, The new-mown hay sends all its fra-grance From the
fields I used to roam, When I dream a-bout the moon-light on the
Wa-bash, Then I long for my In-di-an-a home. Back home a-home.

ALFRED BRYAN
and
WILLIE WESTON

Joan of Arc They Are Calling You

JACK WELLS

CHORUS

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, Do your eyes, from the skies, see the
foe? Don't you see the droop - ing Fleur - de - lis? Can't you
hear the tears of Nor - man - dy? Joan of Arc, Joan of
Arc, *con spirito* Let your spir - it guide us through; Come lead your France to
vic - to - ry; Joan of Arc, they are call - ing you. ^{1.} Joan of ^{2.} you.

LEONARD COOKE

The Sunshine of Your Smile

LILIAN RAY

Moderato con espressione

1. Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me, Were you not mine how
2. Shad-ows may fall up - on the land and sea, Sun-shine from all the
dark the world would be. I know no light a - bove that could re - place,
world may hid - den be, But I shall see no cloud a - cross the sun,
rall. **REFRAIN**
Love's ra - diant sun - shine in your dear, dear face. Give me your smile, The
Your smile shall light my life 'till life is done. *poco cresc.*
love-light in your eyes, Life could not hold a fair - er Par - a - disel
Give me the right to love you all the while, My world for - ev - er, the
rall. **1st Verse** *rall.* **2nd Verse**
sun - shine of your smile! sun - shine of your smile!

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JOE GOODWIN

Lookout Mountain

HALSEY K MOHR

CHORUS


There's a girl I love who waits on Look-out Moun-tain, With a
 moun-tain of love for me, On the wind-ing path where first we
 found each oth-er That is where I long to be, She is
 sweet-er than the songs the birds are sing-ing Back home in Ten-nes-
 see, There's a girl I love who waits on Look-out
 Moun-tain, With a moun-tain of love for me. There's a me.

Li'l Liza Jane


Southern Dialect Song

COUNTESS ADA De LECHAU

Allegretto
p semplice



1. I'se got a gal an' you got none, Li'l Liz - a Jane.
 2. Come my love an' live with me Li'l Liz - a Jane.
 3. Liz - a Jane done cum ter me, Li'l Liz - a Jane
 4. House an' lot in Balt - i - mo', Li'l Liz - a Jane



I'se got a gal an' you got none, Li'l Liz - a Jane.
 I will take good care uv thee Li'l Liz - a Jane
 Bof as hap - py as can be Li'l Liz - a Jane.
 Lots of chil - luns roun' de do', Li'l Liz - a Jane.

REFRAIN



Ohe _____ Liz - a, Li'l Liz - a Jane.



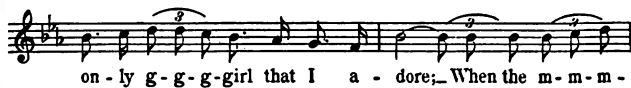
Ohe _____ Liz - a, Li'l Liz - a Jane.

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K-K-K-Katy

GEOFFREY O'HARA

CHORUS



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Mother Machree

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL*Allegretto, ma espressivo*

There's a spot in me heart which no col-leen may own, There's a
depth in me soul nev-er sound-ed or known; There's a place in my mem'-ry, my
molto rall.
life, that you fill, No oth-er can take it, no one ev-er will.
Tenderly with much expression.
Sure, I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair, And the
brow that's all fur-rowed And wrin-kled with care, I kiss the dear fin-gers, so
dim. *p ritard.* *pp*
toil-worn for me, Oh, God bless you and keep you, Meth-er Ma-chree!

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Silver Threads Among The Gold

H. P. DANKS

Andante cantabile

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old, — Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold
Shine up-on my brow to-day, — Life is fad-ing fast a-way;
But, my dar-ling you will be, will be Al-ways young and fair to me,
Yes! my dar-ling you will be — Al-ways young and fair to me.

CHORUS

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing, grow-ing old, Sil-ver threads a-mong the gold
Shine up-on my brow to day; — Life is fad-ing fast a way.

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G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Love's Old Sweet Song

67
J. L. MOLLOY

Quietly

Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
cresc.
mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
p
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
ritard.
fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.

CHORUS *Molto moderato*

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-er-ing shad-ows
dim. *cresc.*
soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wear-y, sad the day and long,
rit. *p*
Still to us at twi-light, comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

The Old Oaken Bucket

E. KJALLMARK

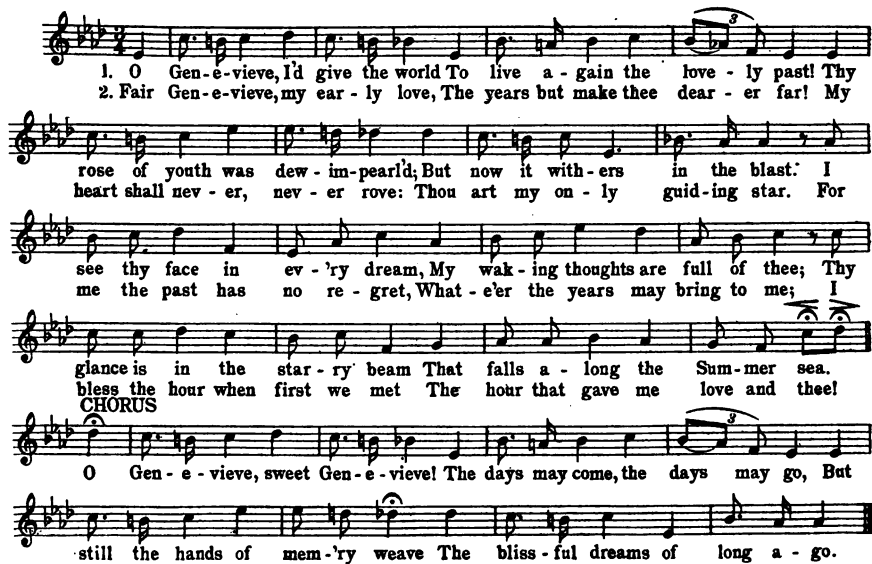
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
 lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep-tan-gled
 wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The wide spread-ing
 pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the
 cat-a-ract fell. The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And
 CHORUS
 e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oak-en buck-et, the
 i-ron-bound buck-et The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

Sweet Genevieve

69

GEO. COOPER

HENRY TUCKER



1. O Gen-e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! Thy
2. Fair Gen-e-vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far! My
rose of youth was dew - im-pearl'd; But now it with - ers in the blast. I
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For
see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me; I
glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the Sum - mer sea.
bless the hour when first we met The hour that gave me love and thee!
CHORUS
O Gen - e - vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve! The days may come, the days may go, But
still the hands of mem - ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

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Sweet and Low

JOSEPH BARNEY

Larghetto

pp

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;—
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;—

f

Low, low,— breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;—
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;—

mf *pp*

O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails— all

f *dim.*

moon,— and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,—
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,—

p *rall. e dim.*

While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. ———
 Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one sleep. ———

RICHARD H. GERARD You're the Flower of My Heart, Sweet Adeline

HARRY ARMSTRONG

Andante

In the eve-ning when I sit a-lone a-dream-ing Of days gone
by love to me so dear, There's a pic-ture that in fan-cy 'oft ap-
pear-ing, Brings back the time love when you were near; It is
then I won-der where you are my dar-ling, And
if your heart to me is still the same, For the sigh-ing wind and night-in-gale a-
sing-ing Are breath-ing on-ly your own sweet name.

CHORUS

Sweet A-del-ine, My A-del-ine At night, Dear
heart For you I pine, In all my dreams Your fair face
beams, You're the flow-er of my heart, Sweet A-del-ine.

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Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula

(Hawaiian Love Song)

E. RAY GOETZ,
JOE YOUNG and
PETE WENDLING

CHORUS

I'm com-ing back to you, my Hu - la Lou, Be - side the sea at
 * Wai - ki - ki, You'll play for me. And once a - gain you'll sway my heart your
 way, With your yaa - ka hu - la hick - ey du - la tune. I'm com - ing

* Pronounced Wye-ka-kee
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English Lyric by
 FRANK SHERIDAN

Aloha Oe

Farewell

Composed by
 H. M. QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

CHORUS

A - lo - ha oe, A - lo - ha oe, E ke o - na - o - na no - ho i ka
 Fare-well dear friend, I love you so, That to say good-bye brings grief no words can
 li - po, A fond em-brace a ho-i a-e au Un - til we meet a - gain.
 tell, My love is yours for weal or woe, Dear friend of mine fare - well.

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Madelon

(Melody: "Quand Madelon")

A pace or two from the camp where soldiers
muster,
There is an inn that is called "The Poilus'
Rest"—

A modest house where the walls with ivy
cluster,

Between the wood and the field—a cozy nest.

The girl who waits on us is pleasing,

Like sparkling wine, her eyes in fun.

She hardly halts to hear our teasing—

She's only known as Madelon.

All through our dreams at night, all through
our day's dull chance,

She's only Madelon, perhaps—but she's
Romance.

CHORUS

When Madelon comes tripping to our table,
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;
And each one invents a pretty fable,
Told to win her on the sly.

Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,
So, when we chuck her chin to lead her on,
She just laughs, and feels she's done her
duty—

Madelon—Madelon—Madelon!

Well, ev'ry soldier has got at home his dear-
est,

The girl who waits, knowing some day she'll
be his;

But she's so far, while our Madelon is nearest
To catch the true, longing message of our kiss.

Slow run the hours we pass here lonely,

And as the days drag on and on,

The words we meant to tell one only,

We tell instead to Madelon.

She chides our rough embrace and says we
muss her hair;

We laugh and think of her who's waiting
over there.—CHORUS:

English Translation by MRS. F. C. FAY, Copyright 1918

Madelon (Continued)

Up came a corp'ral one morning bright and
 early,
 All polished up, dressed in uniform so grand;
 Declared he loved only her, his dearest girlie,
 And boldly said that he came to ask her hand.
 Now, Madelon is not so simple:
 "One man could not make me content,"

She laughed and showed a pretty dimple,
 "My heart is with the regiment!
 "Be good! Your friends will come! One
 hand I cannot spare:
 "To serve the soldiers wine I need at least a
 pair!"

CHORUS:

Back Home to Old America

Words by HOMER HOWELLS HARBOUR

(Melody: "Le Long du Missouri")

Over there in France will come a day,
 A happy day, a happy day,
 When the war at last is done,
 When the victory is won;
 We'll be sailing homeward to the West,
 The Golden West, the Golden West,
 To the land we love the best,
 The U. S. A.

CHORUS: Home to old America,
 Back home to old America,
 The girls will sure be there to meet us,
 All the people out to greet us,
 Home to old America,
 Back home to old America,
 With joy we'll hail you—
 Uncle Sam.

Abide With Me

H. F. LYTE

"Eventide"
W. H. MONK

- mf* 1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; *p* The dark - ness deep - ens;
p 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
f 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour; *or* What but Thy grace can
f 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and
p 5. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes: *or* Shine through the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
 gle - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 feel the tempt - ers power? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can
 tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to -
 point me to the skies: *f* Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows



flee, *or* Help of the help - less, *p* O a - bide with me.
 see; *mf* O Thou who chang - est not, *p* a - bide with me.
 be? *f* Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, *p* a - bide with me.
 ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 flee: *dim.* In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - men.

Come, Thou Almighty King

C. WESLEY

Italian Hymn
F. DE GIARDINI

f 1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
f 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
p 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



Help us to praise! *mf* Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour! *cr.* Thou, Who al - might - y art, Now rule in



to - ri - ous, *cr.* Come and reign o - ver us, *ff* An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER

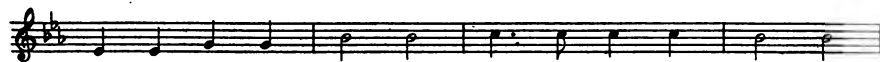
JOHN B. DYKES



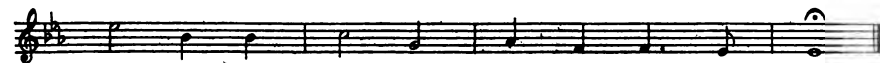
p 1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *or.* Lord God Al - might - y!
p 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *mf* Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
f All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



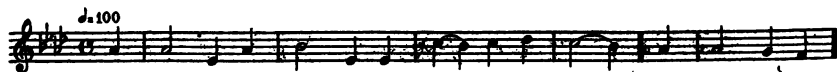
p Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *mf* mer - ci - ful and might - y,
mf Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



f God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
f God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

How Firm A Foundation

Adagio Fideles



f 1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
mf 2. Fear not, I am with thee; O be - not dis - mayed! I, I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and



you - He hath said, - You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent



fled, - You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 hand - Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand. A - men.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARA F. ADAMS

"Bethany"
LOWELL MASON

♩ = 45

mf 1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, —
p 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone, —
f 3. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, —

p E'en tho' it be a cross That — rais - eth me; —
 Dark - ness comes o - ver me, My — rest a stone; —
cresc. Sun, moon and stars for - got. Up - ward I fly; —

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
dim.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. —
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. —
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. — A - men

O God, Our Help In Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

"St. Anne"
W. CROFT

- f* 1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
mf 2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
mf 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
p 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an even - ing gone:
p 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
f 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home:
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
or. From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A - men

SABINE BARING-GOULD

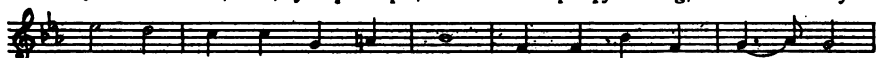
Onward, Christian Soldiers

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

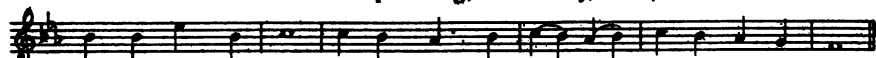
81



1. On - ward, Christ - ian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth - ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, land, and hon - or



Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King! This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS



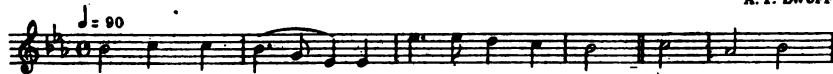
On - ward, Christ - ian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Rise, Crowned With Light

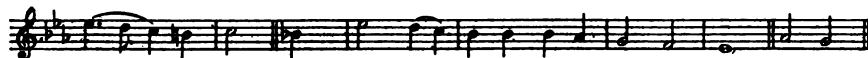
A. POPE

"Russian Hymn"
A. T. LWOFF

f 1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
mf 2. See a long race thy spa - cious courts a - dorn: See fu - ture
mf 3. See bar - barous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy
p 4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to



tower - ing head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling por - tals
 sons, and daugh - ters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks on eve - ry
 light, and in thy tem - ple bend: See thy bright al - tars thronged with
 dust, and moun - tains melt a - way; *or.* But fixed His word, His sav - ing



wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
 side a - rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.
 pros - trate kings, While eve - ry land its joy - ous tri - bute brings.
 power re - mains, Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns. A - men

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. HEBER

"All Saints"
H. S. CUTLER

f 1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain:
His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far, Who fol-lows in His train!

mf 2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, *f* Tri-um-phant o-ver pain;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

mf A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

mf They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
p They bowed their necks the death to feel:
or Who follows in their train?

f A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice.
In robes of light arrayed.

mf They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Eternal Father! Strong To Save

W. WHITING

"Molita"
J. B. DYKES

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest-less wave,
2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard, And hush'd their rag - ing at Thy word,
3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it! Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r! Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;



Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
 or Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage didst sleep;
 And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace;
 From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go,

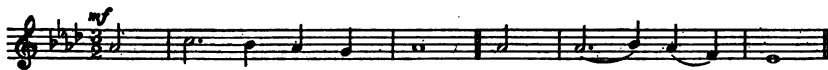


O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 or Thus ev - er - more shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - men.

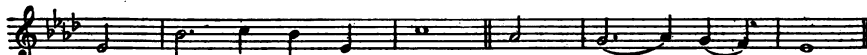
A. S. HAWKS

I Need Thee Every Hour

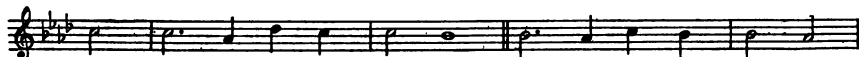
R. LOWRY



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will;
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;



No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide. Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fil.
 or. O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son!



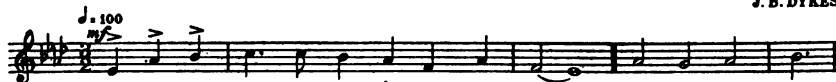
or. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;



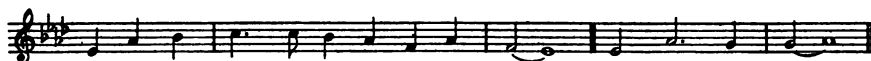
f O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A - men.

Lead, Kindly Light

J. H. NEWMAN

"Lux Benigna"
J. B. DYKES

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid then-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!—
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on!—
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;



or. Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 or. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 or. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,



dim. The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.—
 Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A - men.

Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

A. M. TOPLADY
J. COTTERELL

"TOPLADY"
T. HASTINGS



mf 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
P 2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guage know,
pp 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death.



dim. Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood
 All for sin could not a - tone, *or.* Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
or. When I rise to worlds un - known. And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



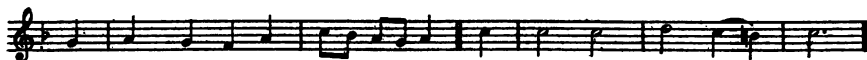
or. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling.
mf Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, *P* Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name!

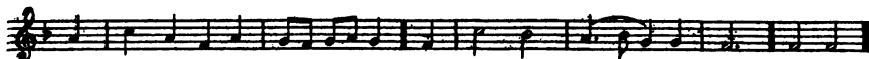
EDWARD PERRONET

"Coronation"
O. HOLDEN

f 1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
p 2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall,
ff 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, Be - fore Him pros - trate fall!



or Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
or Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!



or Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men

The English translations of "La Marseillaise," "La Brabançonne" and the "Garibaldi Hymn" are not intended for singing but to insure an understanding of the original texts.

La Marseillaise

(The French National Anthem)

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
The sun of victory soon will rise,
Tho' the tyrant's standard all gory
Is upreared in pride to the skies,
Is upreared in pride to the skies.

Do ye not hear in every village
Fierce soldiers who spread war's alarms,
Who even in our sheltering arms
Slay our sons and give our homes to
pillage.

To arms, ye brave, to arms;
We'll form battalions strong.
March on, march on,
Their blood impure
Shall bathe our threshold soon.

La Brabançonne

(The Belgian National Anthem)

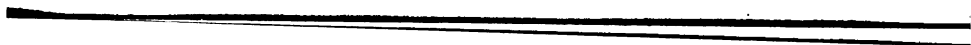
The years of slavery are past,
 The Belgian rejoices once more;
 Courage restores to him at last
 The rights he held of yore!
 Strong and firm his clasp will be
 Keeping the ancient flag unfurl'd
 To fling its message on the watchful
 world;
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 To fling its message on the watchful
 world:
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!

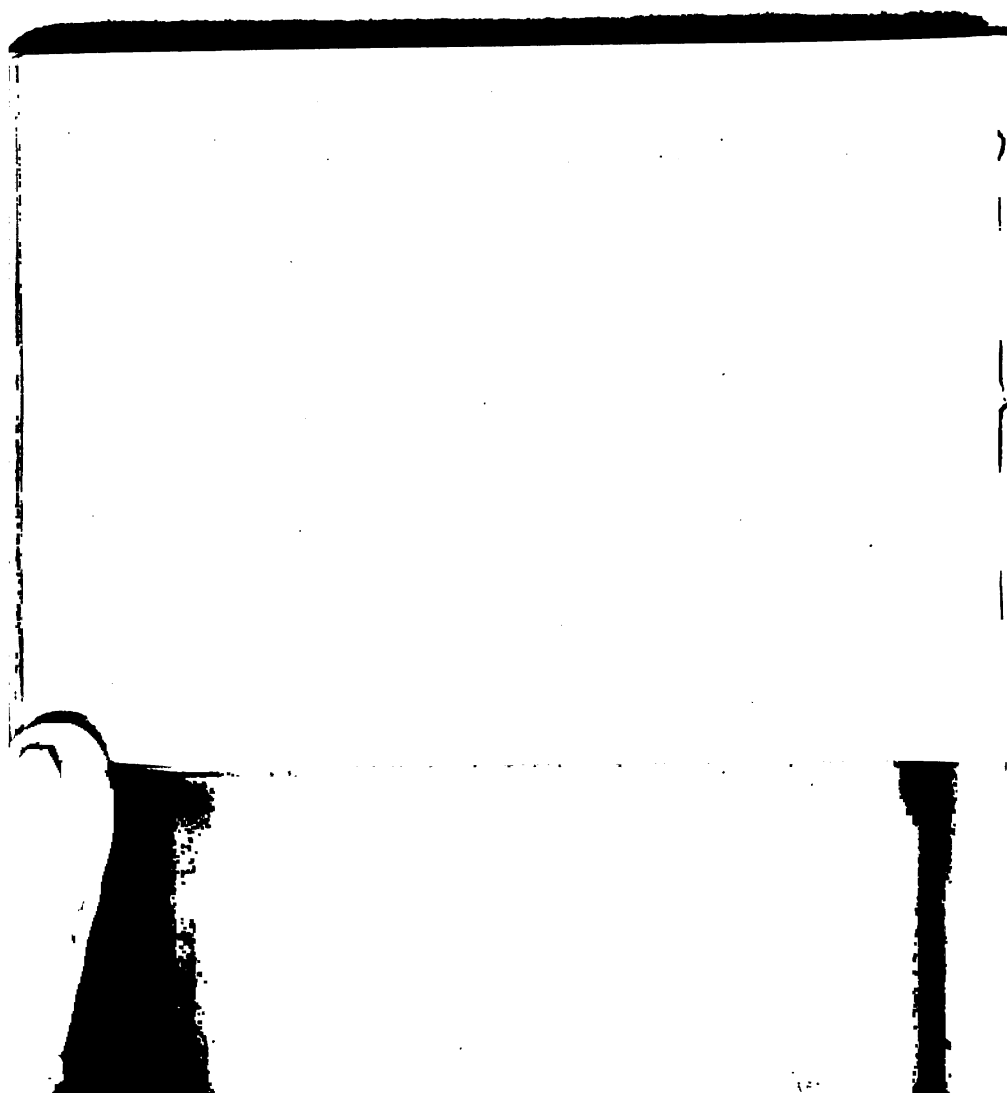
The Garibaldi Hymn

(The Italian National Hymn)

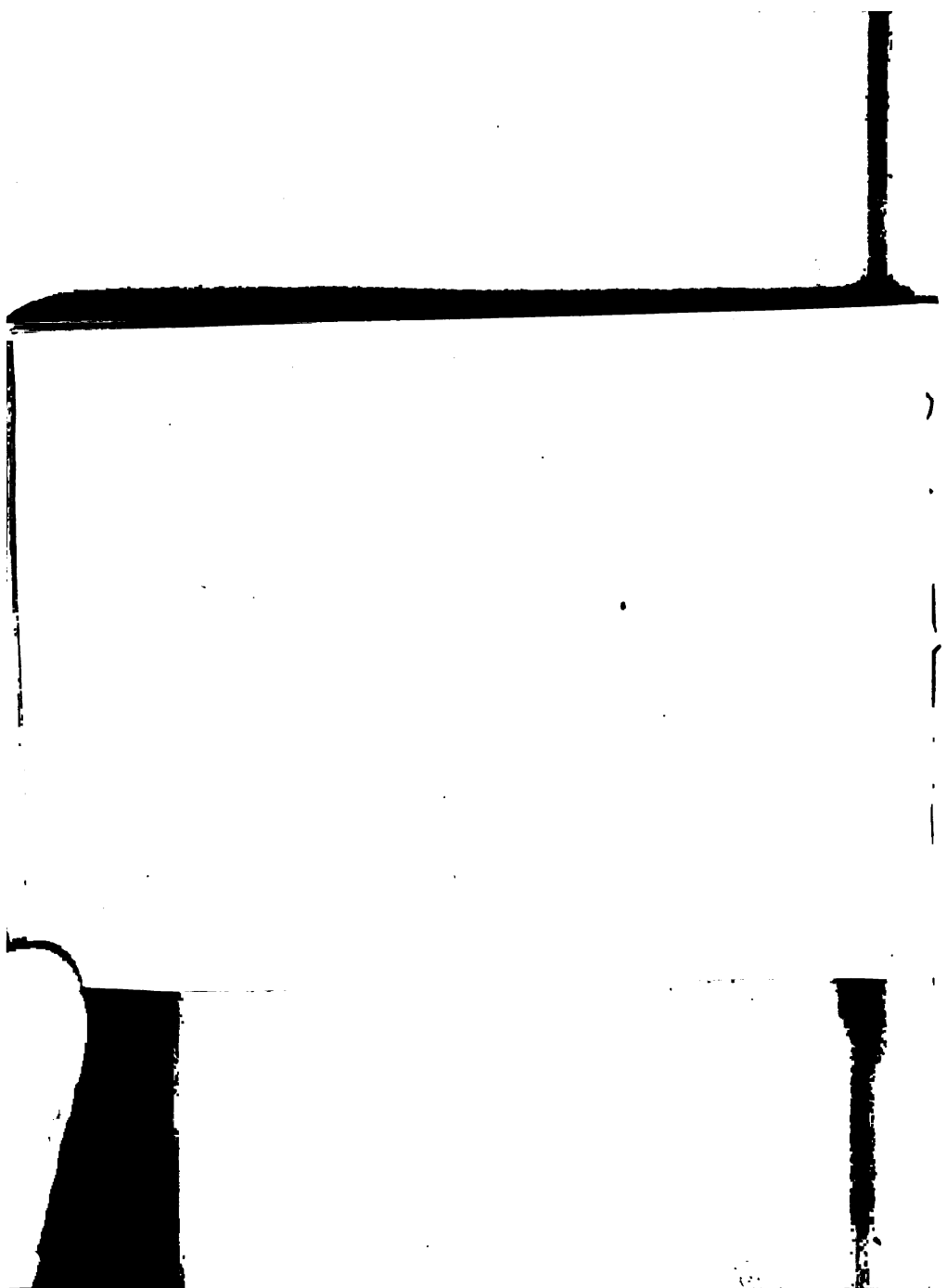
Come, arm ye! Come, arm ye!
 From vineyards of olives, from grape-mantled bowers,
 Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers;
 From mountains, all lighted by sapphire and amber,
 From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
 Arise, all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming,
 Whilst thunders are meeting and sabres are flaming.
 For honor, for glory, the bugles are sounding,
 To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts.
 Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us forever,
 The Day is dawning, the Day is dawning which
 shall be our own.

The English words for "La Brabançonne" and the "Garibaldi Hymn" are by Florence Attenborough;
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Contents

(Songs also included in "Band Accompaniments for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps Song Books" are marked with an Asterisk)

Abide with Me*	75	Flag, The*	37
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name*	88	Garibaldi Hymn, The*	9
Aloha Oe*	72	Garibaldi Hymn, The (translation)	90
America*	2	Giddy Giddap, Go on, Go on	47
America, the Beautiful*	12	God Save the King (America*)	7
Annie Laurie*	31	Good Morning, Mr. Zip*	46
Army Trumpet Calls*	20	Hip! Hip! Hooray!	51
Auld Lang Syne*	30	Holy, Holy, Holy*	77
Back Home to Old America	74	Home Road, The*	13
Battle Cry of Freedom*	5	How Firm a Foundation*	78
Battle Hymn of the Republic*	3	In an Old-Fashioned Town	56
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms*	35	Indiana	59
Caisson Song	17	I Need Thee Every Hour	35
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*	26	Joan of Arc	60
Coast Artillery Song	18	Keep the Home Fires Burning	54
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*	4	Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy	50
Come, Thou Almighty King*	76	K-K-K-Katy*	64
Dixie*	25	Là Brabançonne*	8
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes*	29	Là Brabançonne (translation)	90
Eternal Father, Strong to Save*	84	Là Marseillaise*	6
		Là Marseillaise (translation)	89

Contents (Continued)

Land of Hope and Glory	14	Prayer of Thanksgiving*	16
Last Long Mile, The	44	Rise, Crowned with Light*	82
Lead, Kindly Light	86	Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me	87
Li'l Liza Jane*	63	Roll, Jordan, Roll	27
Little Grey Home in the West	58	Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled*	33
Loch Lomond*	32	Silver Threads Among the Gold*	66
Long Boy	48	Son of God Goes Forth to War, The*	83
Lookout Mountain	62	Stars and Stripes Forever, The	42
Love's Old Sweet Song*	67	Star-Spangled Banner, The*	1
Madelon (words only)	73	Sunshine of Your Smile, The	61
March! March!*	10	Swanee River*	22
Men of Harlech*	36	Sweet Adeline	71
Mother Machree*	65	Sweet and Low	70
My Old Kentucky Home*	24	Sweet Genevieve*	69
Nearer, My God, to Thee*	79	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	28
O God, Our Help in Ages Past*	80	There's a Long, Long Trail	52
Old Black Joe*	23	Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	41
Old Oaken Bucket, The*	68	Under the Stars and Stripes	11
On the Way to France (words only)	38	When Johnny Comes Marching Home*	40
Onward, Christian Soldiers*	81	When the Great Red Dawn Is Shining	55
Over There	39	Who Would Not Fight for Freedom*	34
Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag	43	Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula*	72

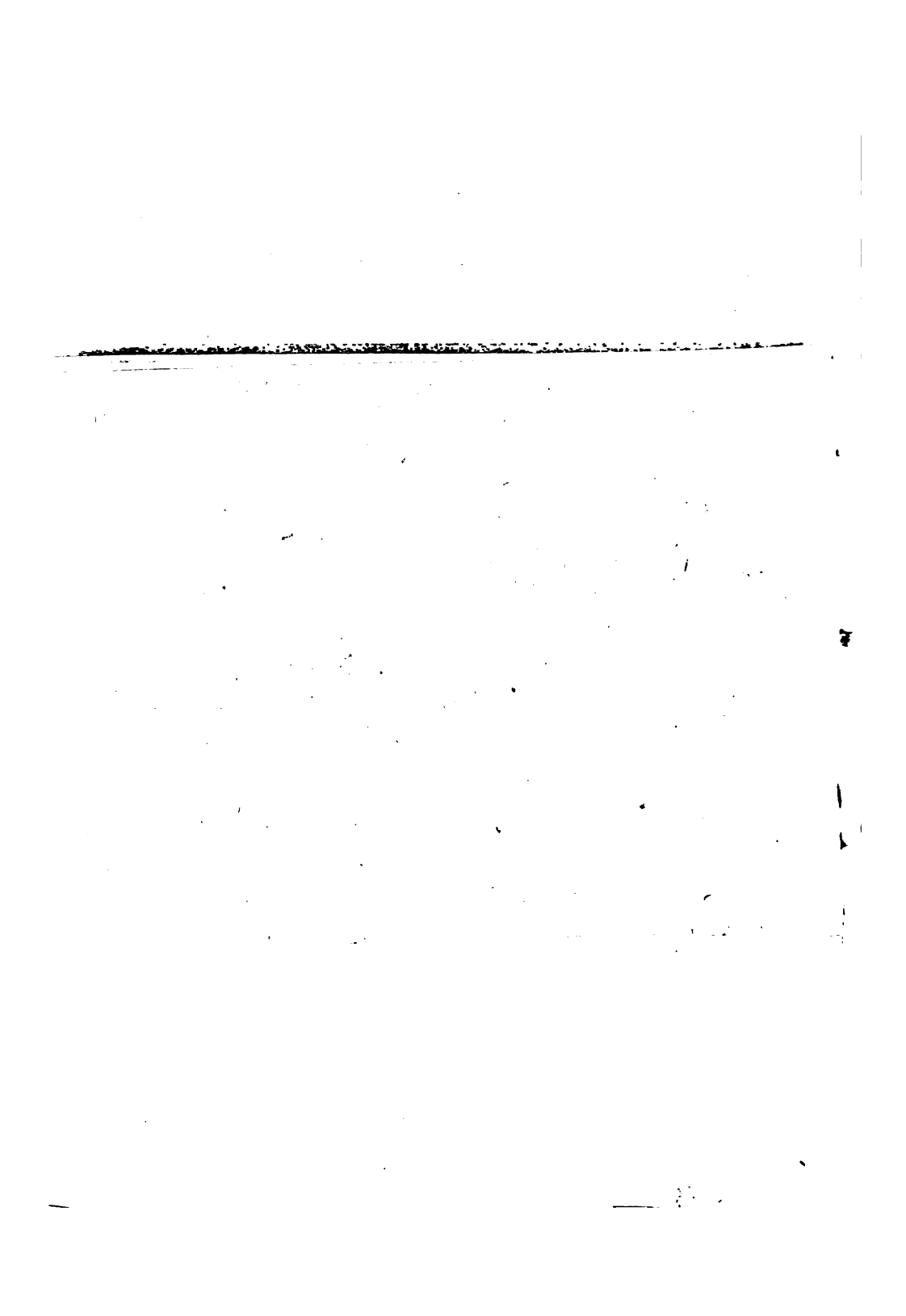


TEN THOUSAND SINGING SOLDIERS



THE SONG LEADERS OF A DIVISION





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